

OFFICE 16 1-2 WEST MAIN ST.  
SUBSCRIPTIONS.  
One Year ..... \$1.00  
Six Months ..... 50  
INvariably IN ADVANCE.  
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

# THE DRUMMER.

VOL. 2.

LEXINGTON, KY. SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1886.

NO. 14.

ADVERTISING RATES  
One Dollar per line for 100 words.  
Each extra word is 1 cent.  
Large Names to cover per line cost  
insertion.

ALL BILLS PAYABLE WEEKLY

## CALL ON US.

### Suits:

No word can express the Bargain that can be obtained in the Suits made with \$25.00  
for 15 1/2, \$30.00 worth \$15.00 for 12 1/2, Suits worth \$15.00 for 10 1/2, Suits worth \$15.00  
for 9 1/2, Suits worth \$12.50 for 8 1/2, Suits worth \$10.00 for 7 1/2, Suits worth \$8.00  
for 5 1/2.

### Pants:

All-Weather Cassimere Pants in 47 different patterns that are actually worth \$3.00, \$2.50,  
\$2.00, \$1.75 and \$1.50, are sold for \$2.25, \$2.50, \$2.75, \$2.90, \$3.10, \$3.25. We have a  
line worth \$2.50 for 1 1/2, same worth \$1.00 for 50c. Remember the place.

## THE MODEL CLOTHING CO.

15 WEST MAIN ST.,

LEXINGTON, KY.

### SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS

**WHITE GOODS,**  
Hamburgs, Laces, Hosiery, Gloves, Corsets.  
Prints, Ginghams, Bleached Muslin,  
Brown Muslin.

### IT WILL PAY YOU

TO EXAMINE OUR STOCK.

The Continental Dress Shirt can't be  
Beat.

### Give Me a Call.

J. P. SMITH,

29 West Main Street,

LEXINGTON, KY.

### A BIGGER STRIKE THAN ALL THE REST.

Our "Drives" met with great success. We "ruined the trade," is what our competitors say; but that is precisely what we are after. We want to sell all the goods, and the only way to do it is to give BARGAINS. Our children's waist sale will continue. Gents' Cheviot waists at 25c, Genuine Penang Waists at 50c.

Suits at \$4.50 and \$5.00.

Suits at \$3.50 and \$4.00, warranted to be worth twice as much.

Cassimere Coats at \$2.50, worth \$1.00.

Worsted and other Coats \$2.50, worth \$1.00.

Cassimere Vests \$1.00, worth \$1.00.

" " " " " \$1.00, worth \$1.00.

Cassimere Pants at \$1.50, worth \$1.00.

Outer Clothing Pants at \$1.00, worth \$1.00.

" " " " " \$2.50, worth \$1.00.

" " " " " \$3.00 and \$3.50, worth \$1.00-\$1.50.

ALL THE GOODS ARE FROM BROKEN 1075, AND ARE THE 1075  
LAST BARGAINS EVER OFFERED.

### Good Blue Flannel Suits

At \$3.00 and \$3.50, and the last in the world at \$1.00.

We offer also in our General Stock the Nippiest and Finest

### Spring Clothing

IN THE MARKET

### One Price Clothing House,

M. KAUFMAN & CO.,

LEXINGTON, KY.

54 East Main Street.

### —DANIEL SCHAEFER,—

New Suits Made to Order.

### CUTTING & MAKING ALL KINDS CLOTHING.

WARRANTED GOOD FITS.

South Upper Street,

LEXINGTON, KY.

All Work Warranted Well Done.

THE ROWAN COUNTY TROUBLE  
words she spoke, words no one  
heard her.

COMPOSED BY J. W. DAY.

[The following poem, which down  
anything ever written by Byron or the  
"Sweet Singer of Michigan," has been  
handed to the DRUMMER for publication  
—ED.]

Come, all young men and ladies,  
Mothers and fathers, too,  
I'll relate to you a history  
Of the Rowan county crew—  
Concerning blooded Rowan,  
And her many hideous deeds—  
My friends, give attention,  
Remember how it ends.

It was in the month of August,  
All on election day,  
John Martin he was wounded,  
They say, by Johnnie Day,  
Martin could not believe it,  
He thought it Floyd Oliver,  
That struck the fatal blow.

They shot and killed Sol Bradley,  
Left his wife and loving children  
To do the last they can.  
They wounded young Ad. Sizerone,  
Although his life was saved,  
He seems to shun the grog-shop  
Since he stands near the grave.

Martin did recover,

Some months had come and passed,  
In the town of Morehead,

These men had met at last.

About the same day it was—

He seemed to be angry—

With no one wished to talk

He walked into Judge Carey's grocery,

And stepped up to the bar,

But little did he think, dear friends,

He had met that fatal hour,

The ringing of death was near him,

Martin rushed in at the door,

A few words passed between them

Concerning a row before

The door was closed, and then,

Began to talk, not in words,

A bell from Martin's portal

Urged Oliver in the tomb.

The friends then gathered round him—

The wife to weep and wail—

Martin was arrested

And soon confined in jail.

He was put in the jail of Rowan,

There to remain awhile

In the hands of law he justice,

He was not to be tried,

The people talked oflynching him,

At present, though they failed,

The prisoner's friends soon moved him

Unto the Winchester jail.

Some persons forged an order—

Their names I do not know—

The plan soon was agreed upon,

For Martin they did go,

Martin seemed disengaged,

He seemed to be dead,

To the jailor Martin said,

The heart was in distress,

They hurried to the station,

Stepped on the night express

Along the line she lumbered

At her usual speed;

There were only two in number

To commit the dreadful fact,

Martin was in the smoking car,

Accompanied by his wife,

They did not want to meet

When they took her husband's life

When they arrived at Fairview,

They had no time to lose,

A hand apposed, held the engineer

And bid him not to move.

They stepped up to the prisoner,

With pistols in their hands,

In death he soon was sinking,

He died in iron bands,

He died



#### GOING A FISHING.

BY MR. COMPILER.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT  
NO. 10½, WEST MAIN STREET.

C. W. TOWNSEND & W. H. FOULKE.

#### SUBSCRIPTION.

One Year, in Advance, \$1.00  
Six months, in Advance, 50¢

Mailed to any address, postage free, on  
receipt of subscription price.

#### ADVERTISING.

One dollar per inch for first insertion.  
Like all other papers, we charge extra for  
local notices to cents per line for each inser-

tion. All communications in regard to sub-  
scriptions and advertisements, or matter  
intended for publication, addressed to THE  
DRUMMER, will receive prompt and careful  
attention.

Lexington, Ky., May 22, 1886.

In order to enable our readers to do  
distinguish between what articles in this pa-  
per are original, and what are copied, we  
will strictly adhere to the rule of giving  
credit for all matter of the latter class.

BARNUM'S Circus took away 8¢,  
ooo out of town.

The three new "Sylvan" Commissioners are all good solid men of judg-  
ment and experience, and will be sure  
to give satisfaction. Judge Z. Gibbons  
is an able lawyer, Prof. J. K. Pat-  
terson is a learned, well balanced man,  
and Major R. D. Williams is a young  
man of good sound judgment on all  
subjects.

#### ORATORS AND GRABBERS.

The latest news from Washington is  
to the effect that Senator Blackburn  
will oppose the re-election of Senator  
Beck. There are a good many people  
in Kentucky who will support Joseph in  
that direction. Senator Beck has  
been highly honored by the people of  
Kentucky, and we fail to see, in his  
present course, and in his continued  
non-residence during the last few  
years, a proper appreciation of recog-  
nition of what they have done for him.  
Whether justly or unjustly, for some  
time there has been a growing belief  
that Senator Beck is eminently selfish.  
That is, desirous of appropriating hon-  
ors without a due regard for the do-  
nors. We acknowledge that Mr. Beck  
is a man of ability, but we do not be-  
lieve a State should invest with sena-  
torial honors even an able man who  
practically expatiates himself, losing  
identity with, and sympathy for, his  
people. The people want to be re-  
presented by one of themselves. Such  
a man is John G. Carlisle, whose abil-  
ity, clearheadedness and statesmanship  
are acknowledged by even his politi-  
cal enemies. Upon his shoulders  
should fall the senatorial toga. Be-  
sides, some other section of Kentucky  
than the Blue Grass, should have an  
occasional bite of the pie. In the  
past we have been greedy—even hog-  
gish Northern, Southern and West-  
ern Kentucky want a bite, and they  
should have it. In Crisis Northern  
Kentucky would be satisfied when  
when Joe Blackburn's term is out,  
give South-West Kentucky his suc-  
cessor, while we Blue Grass people  
take a short rest and get ready to  
go for all right again.

During the past half century the  
Northern States have sent to Congress  
men who worked for their constitu-  
ents; men who got all the appropria-  
tions they could for their districts and  
sections. In the wonderful material  
advancement of those sections we see  
the result of such selections. In the  
meantime the South has been sending  
to Congress her "orators," men who  
make big speeches, and puff up their  
own and their constituents' vanities.  
We need more workers and fewer word-  
bags in Congress. We want our dis-  
tricts represented by men who are  
good "grabbers," who can get approp-  
riations. We should inscribe upon  
our banners those talismanic words  
"We're for the old flag and an approp-  
riation." The day of glory and  
gush is over. We want our part of  
the swag, while the swag is being dug  
into by the Northern statesmen. We  
have learned by observation that a  
man who will stand still and see oth-  
ers carry off a gold mine, and refuse a  
chunk of it himself, should be in the  
poor house, die a pauper, and be bur-  
ied without a tombstone. "Graft" is  
what a people need, individually and  
collectively. It is folly for the South  
to be bawling about free trade and  
other political heresies, while the  
North is getting away with the swag.  
Give us men as Representatives who  
will have every spring branch in the  
South declared a navigable stream,  
and secure millions to lock and dam  
them. That is the way to give work  
to your people, build up your country,  
and induce population. Away with  
the old time "burning eloquence,"  
"perorations," and tinsel that has  
ticked our people in the past. Give  
us good grabbers!

The American people are "natural-  
born fishermen." They have an idea  
that to go fishing they will have a  
day of rest and recreation. But such  
is not the fact; the average Kentuckian  
generally meets with the "fisherman's  
luck"—a damp seat on a log and a  
famished abdomen. A large number  
of our Lexington boys provide them-  
selves with tackle, cold lunch and  
Wizard Oil, then lie away to the  
creeks and ponds, and "in their  
mind" are going to perform wonders.  
When the twilight dews are falling  
they return home crestfallen, with a  
long stretch—holding four "gourd-seed"  
pencils and two little minnows.

John's famous definition of a  
fishing rod—"a stick with a foot at  
one end and a hook at the other"—is  
one of the severe blows which fisher-  
men have received from literary peo-  
ple. Pindar's lines to a fish in the  
brook is a keen rebuke:

"Enjoy thy stream, oh, baseless fish,  
And when an angel for a fish,  
Through gluttony's vile sin,  
Attempts—a wretch—to pull thee up,  
God give thee strength, oh, gentle trout,  
To pull the rascal in."

And Dr. Holmes explained in a  
couplet:

"Oh, what are the treasures we perish to  
win,  
To the first little minnow, we caught with  
a pin?"

On the other hand a manuscript,  
supposed to have been written about  
the year 1000, and found among re-  
mains of a library, the property of the  
Abby St. Bertin, at St. Omer, man-  
tains that fishermen have been "singu-  
larly noticed by Divine approbation."

This theory is well supported by a re-  
ference to the leading incidents in the  
lives of the fishermen who spread their  
nets with Christ on the Sea of Galilee.  
It would seem, however, that the  
good, the bad and indifferent of every  
age and clime have fishermen. If we  
may credit an English rhyme, the  
devil himself was a fisherman, albeit a  
poor one.

"A crook crossed the devil's heel,  
To tell a lie by the brook;  
He called on St. Peter and said,

"Friend fisherman, lend me thy crook;  
Of the handle a famous rod can be made,  
And I'll twist the top for a hook."

The fish he fingered Walton through  
And a hundred times he tried,  
He bobbed and he bobbed, but "bob" would  
not do.

The fish did not choose to be fished.

An Irish poet furnishes this sugges-  
tion:

"No doubt St. Peter was an angel  
Of doubt and reason, sir,  
And many a sloven trout he caught;  
He ate his Dublin town, sir."

One of the best specimens of medi-  
eval pictorial poetry fell from the pen  
of Poor Ned Shepheard, a young Boh-  
emian, who, ten years ago, furnished  
bright sonnets to the New York paper.  
The poem is as follows:

"Under beach and birchen leav,  
In a shadon a shadon nook,  
Flowers and campion who's looks  
Oftentimes with line and hook  
Aughing in the tide I sit."

While the winged moments fit

"Once upon a summer day,  
The sun was very hot,  
Chancing in my lonely walk,  
On a stile, I seated stol.

Down upon the ground I lay,  
By some old roots when gray.

"Soon there came a village maid  
To that stile, se placed blue,  
Blue-eyed Jessie of the Mill,  
Liche of farm and fair of face:

There she paused the white tail I  
Never moved nor caught her eye,

"For I have had a swot with blue,  
With a swot which she hung,  
All morded by any luster.

Then add her shawl she flung,  
Casting timid glances round,  
Started at the sight of me:

"But, oh what feelings stirred my heart,

When with nimble fingers she  
From her bosom's virgin snows  
Set the jealous fuming free,  
And from off her shoulders bare  
Slid her dress as she stood there.

"Then by the mad unclosed,  
Trembling in her eager haste,  
While I soaredly dared to breathe,  
To the swot around her wond,

And with the slightest sound  
Crept each garment to the ground:

"Round about her feet they lay,  
When she passed a smother three:

"Venus rising from the ocean  
Surely will not be more fair

"Than this blushing quiller maid,

"St. Ading, trembling, half afraid,

"Presently, with noseless foifall,

Stepped she to the brook's sweet rim,  
Gently the enamored sunbeam  
Slewed down each snowy lamb,

Slow waded from the side  
Slowly out into the tide.

"No food or halting shall be offered to s-  
here,

No one to cross a river on the Sabbath

but authorized clergymen.

No small travel, cook victuals,

make no noise, cut hair or shave

on the Sabbath days.

No one shall kiss his or her children on

the Sabbath or fasting days.

The Sabbath day shall begin at sunset

Saturday.

Every rascible person who refuses to pay

his proportion in support the ministers of

town or parish, shall be taxed five pounds

and five shillings every year.

Whoever will not pay his tax shall

be presented by the grand inquest,

and the selectmen shall levy the estate three

hundred pounds.

Whoever brings cards or dice into the de-  
partment shall pay a fine of five pounds.

No one shall play at cards, dice, or

any other game of chance, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of

chance, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard, or any other

game of hazard, or any other game of hazard,

or any other game of hazard



Lexington, Ky. — May 22, 1886

### DRUM TAPS.

Colorado is well watered—by wells.

The hayseeds come in early to see Jumbo.

People bitten by mad-dogs are now cured by sending them to Pasteur.

Col. Roe Hocker is out in a handsome spring suit. The wire fence business is booming.

A number of the boys about town have "goat fishing." They will be home when Court adjourns.

It is a fact known to all ready-made clothing merchants that such goods sell better on cloudy days, or by candlelight.

In Athens, Ga., a prohibition town, Jamaica ginger is used as an intoxicant. A man must be pretty tight up when he uses ginger.

The Kentucky Legislature adjourned Tuesday. Thank God! Amen! Glory! Hallelujah! Praise the Lord! Good Lord, deliver us!—from another like it.

It is said that General Eli Murray, late Governor of Utah, designs making his home there. It will astonish the friends of Eli to learn that he has turned Mormon.

What sense is there in leaving Kentucky, where wood and coal is plenty, and going West where you will have to raise sunflowers to get fuel. We pass for a reply.

Last Hickman precinct was depopulated on the day Barnum's Circus was here. A few men with wagons could have hauled off all the loose property in the precinct, and no one would have seen them do it.

"The Justic doctors are meetin' here at the Phoenix, I understand," remarked a man from Jack's Creek to a friend. "Yes, I bin settin' here a watchin' 'em, to see how they set."

There is a strong movement to repeal, if not all, The Prohibition amendment, and others have gone on to strike, but our wives (God bless 'em!) will adhere to the trade, and are satisfied with their wages.

Creddock says this is the cholera year and urges his readers to clean up their backyards. Craddock has been here a long time and doubtless knows what he is talking about. Front yards should also be looked after.

When you are dressed up, drunk and have money, call it the "Dixie" and you will find that you are dressed up in the old fashioned "Dixie." Same in regard to deport and "deeps," "Bourbon News."

"Bill Nye says there is no truth in the statement that you are going to travel next season with your soap?"—Exchange. Don't be worried, Bill, for you ought to know that many people have an aversion to getting Nye's truth.

"Did you ever plow soap?" enquired friend of the Phoenix, agent of the C. & O.—"Many a day have I plowed corn," was the reply. "What is it?"—"It is the toll tongue," then was asked. "Why, the big tongue?"—"A wagon, of course," said Barney.

Col. Swope writes back from Hot Springs that a few bath houses have about the size of the Palestine spider he received while sojourning in the Holy Land. We did not know that the Holy Land spider was so poisonous as the American spider.

Cut-worms are said to be playing havoc with young corn in the quiet country towns where neither nor our worms ever propagated their species. We have had a good deal of experience with worms; an experience commencing in childhood. But we have never known of cut-worms pro-

gating.

Senator Brown, of Georgia, is at work on a book largely devoted to showing the material and social progress of the South since the war. Old Joe ought to be competent for the task, as he has had a good deal of experience both materially and socially. He commenced life with one suit—a low linen shirt—behind a bob-tailed bull hitched to a plow.

A Main Street dry goods clerk, who is too modest to live, called a stockroom. He was showing a young lady a "hoe," at the same time blushing to the roots of his hair. A sensible, really pure and modest woman will show a young man's embarrassment over a stocking being called a stocking, and nobody but a fool will call a stocking a "hoe."

### Brackie Ban.

Brackie Ban is the name of F. B. Harper's race horse by King Bar. Harper named him for Major Thomas. The papers have called him by every name on earth except his own.

### The Odd Fellows Hall.

The new buildings, to be erected on the site of the burned Opera House will soon be under way. The brick work has been let to the Lexington Brick Company, and the carpenter work to Wood Brothers.

### Young Ladies' Troubles.

Philosophy and Harpooning have been complimented the past week as the two finest looking young men in Kentucky. A certain young lady says she can't decide between them, and is in a peck of trouble, as both of them have proposed.

### That Same Old Buzzard.

The buzzard, the buzzard, buzzard, with a bell on it has been creating a sensation on Pleasant Run, scaring horses and creating panics among flocks of sheep. Even the other buzzards are afraid of the one with the bell, and when it approaches they retire to a safe distance and allow it to feed in solitary state.

### PERSONALS.

Clarence Zimmerman is in Danville, at work on the Tribune.

Mr. Charles Hanson, Attorney-at-Law, Paris Ky., is in town today.

Miss Jessie Gross, who has been sick for several months, has about recovered.

Miss May McFarland, of Jacksonville, Ill., is visiting her grandmother, Mr. F. Bush, East Third Street.

Capt. Tom McLaughlin, of the K. C. road, has returned from a trip to Paducah, looking like a fresh bedfellow.

Miss Reita Farnsworth, of Jonesboro, East Tennessee, quite an attractive and talented young lady, is visiting her sister, Mrs. R. Roberts, this country.

It is a fact known to all ready-made clothing merchants that such goods sell better on cloudy days, or by candlelight.

In Athens, Ga., a prohibition town, Jamaica ginger is used as an intoxicant. A man must be pretty tight up when he uses ginger.

The Kentucky Legislature adjourned Tuesday. Thank God! Amen! Glory! Hallelujah! Praise the Lord! Good Lord, deliver us!—from another like it.

It is said that General Eli Murray, late Governor of Utah, designs making his home there. It will astonish the friends of Eli to learn that he has turned Mormon.

What sense is there in leaving Kentucky, where wood and coal is plenty, and going West where you will have to raise sunflowers to get fuel. We pass for a reply.

Last Hickman precinct was depopulated on the day Barnum's Circus was here. A few men with wagons could have hauled off all the loose property in the precinct, and no one would have seen them do it.

The Justic doctors are meetin' here at the Phoenix, I understand," remarked a man from Jack's Creek to a friend. "Yes, I bin settin' here a watchin' 'em, to see how they set."

There is a strong movement to repeal, if not all, The Prohibition amendment, and others have gone on to strike, but our wives (God bless 'em!) will adhere to the trade, and are satisfied with their wages.

Creddock says this is the cholera year and urges his readers to clean up their backyards. Craddock has been here a long time and doubtless knows what he is talking about. Front yards should also be looked after.

When you are dressed up, drunk and have money, call it the "Dixie" and you will find that you are dressed up in the old fashioned "Dixie." Same in regard to deport and "deeps," "Bourbon News."

"Bill Nye says there is no truth in the statement that you are going to travel next season with your soap?"—Exchange. Don't be worried, Bill, for you ought to know that many people have an aversion to getting Nye's truth.

"Did you ever plow soap?" enquired friend of the Phoenix, agent of the C. & O.—"Many a day have I plowed corn," was the reply. "What is it?"—"It is the toll tongue," then was asked. "Why, the big tongue?"—"A wagon, of course," said Barney.

Col. Swope writes back from Hot Springs that a few bath houses have about the size of the Palestine spider he received while sojourning in the Holy Land. We did not know that the Holy Land spider was so poisonous as the American spider.

Creddock says this is the cholera year and urges his readers to clean up their backyards. Craddock has been here a long time and doubtless knows what he is talking about. Front yards should also be looked after.

When you are dressed up, drunk and have money, call it the "Dixie" and you will find that you are dressed up in the old fashioned "Dixie." Same in regard to deport and "deeps," "Bourbon News."

"Bill Nye says there is no truth in the statement that you are going to travel next season with your soap?"—Exchange. Don't be worried, Bill, for you ought to know that many people have an aversion to getting Nye's truth.

"Did you ever plow soap?" enquired friend of the Phoenix, agent of the C. & O.—"Many a day have I plowed corn," was the reply. "What is it?"—"It is the toll tongue," then was asked. "Why, the big tongue?"—"A wagon, of course," said Barney.

Col. Swope writes back from Hot Springs that a few bath houses have about the size of the Palestine spider he received while sojourning in the Holy Land. We did not know that the Holy Land spider was so poisonous as the American spider.

Creddock says this is the cholera year and urges his readers to clean up their backyards. Craddock has been here a long time and doubtless knows what he is talking about. Front yards should also be looked after.

When you are dressed up, drunk and have money, call it the "Dixie" and you will find that you are dressed up in the old fashioned "Dixie." Same in regard to deport and "deeps," "Bourbon News."

"Bill Nye says there is no truth in the statement that you are going to travel next season with your soap?"—Exchange. Don't be worried, Bill, for you ought to know that many people have an aversion to getting Nye's truth.

"Did you ever plow soap?" enquired friend of the Phoenix, agent of the C. & O.—"Many a day have I plowed corn," was the reply. "What is it?"—"It is the toll tongue," then was asked. "Why, the big tongue?"—"A wagon, of course," said Barney.

Col. Swope writes back from Hot Springs that a few bath houses have about the size of the Palestine spider he received while sojourning in the Holy Land. We did not know that the Holy Land spider was so poisonous as the American spider.

Creddock says this is the cholera year and urges his readers to clean up their backyards. Craddock has been here a long time and doubtless knows what he is talking about. Front yards should also be looked after.

When you are dressed up, drunk and have money, call it the "Dixie" and you will find that you are dressed up in the old fashioned "Dixie." Same in regard to deport and "deeps," "Bourbon News."

"Bill Nye says there is no truth in the statement that you are going to travel next season with your soap?"—Exchange. Don't be worried, Bill, for you ought to know that many people have an aversion to getting Nye's truth.

"Did you ever plow soap?" enquired friend of the Phoenix, agent of the C. & O.—"Many a day have I plowed corn," was the reply. "What is it?"—"It is the toll tongue," then was asked. "Why, the big tongue?"—"A wagon, of course," said Barney.

Col. Swope writes back from Hot Springs that a few bath houses have about the size of the Palestine spider he received while sojourning in the Holy Land. We did not know that the Holy Land spider was so poisonous as the American spider.

Creddock says this is the cholera year and urges his readers to clean up their backyards. Craddock has been here a long time and doubtless knows what he is talking about. Front yards should also be looked after.

When you are dressed up, drunk and have money, call it the "Dixie" and you will find that you are dressed up in the old fashioned "Dixie." Same in regard to deport and "deeps," "Bourbon News."

"Bill Nye says there is no truth in the statement that you are going to travel next season with your soap?"—Exchange. Don't be worried, Bill, for you ought to know that many people have an aversion to getting Nye's truth.

"Did you ever plow soap?" enquired friend of the Phoenix, agent of the C. & O.—"Many a day have I plowed corn," was the reply. "What is it?"—"It is the toll tongue," then was asked. "Why, the big tongue?"—"A wagon, of course," said Barney.

Col. Swope writes back from Hot Springs that a few bath houses have about the size of the Palestine spider he received while sojourning in the Holy Land. We did not know that the Holy Land spider was so poisonous as the American spider.

Creddock says this is the cholera year and urges his readers to clean up their backyards. Craddock has been here a long time and doubtless knows what he is talking about. Front yards should also be looked after.

When you are dressed up, drunk and have money, call it the "Dixie" and you will find that you are dressed up in the old fashioned "Dixie." Same in regard to deport and "deeps," "Bourbon News."

"Bill Nye says there is no truth in the statement that you are going to travel next season with your soap?"—Exchange. Don't be worried, Bill, for you ought to know that many people have an aversion to getting Nye's truth.

"Did you ever plow soap?" enquired friend of the Phoenix, agent of the C. & O.—"Many a day have I plowed corn," was the reply. "What is it?"—"It is the toll tongue," then was asked. "Why, the big tongue?"—"A wagon, of course," said Barney.

Col. Swope writes back from Hot Springs that a few bath houses have about the size of the Palestine spider he received while sojourning in the Holy Land. We did not know that the Holy Land spider was so poisonous as the American spider.

Creddock says this is the cholera year and urges his readers to clean up their backyards. Craddock has been here a long time and doubtless knows what he is talking about. Front yards should also be looked after.

When you are dressed up, drunk and have money, call it the "Dixie" and you will find that you are dressed up in the old fashioned "Dixie." Same in regard to deport and "deeps," "Bourbon News."

"Bill Nye says there is no truth in the statement that you are going to travel next season with your soap?"—Exchange. Don't be worried, Bill, for you ought to know that many people have an aversion to getting Nye's truth.

"Did you ever plow soap?" enquired friend of the Phoenix, agent of the C. & O.—"Many a day have I plowed corn," was the reply. "What is it?"—"It is the toll tongue," then was asked. "Why, the big tongue?"—"A wagon, of course," said Barney.

Col. Swope writes back from Hot Springs that a few bath houses have about the size of the Palestine spider he received while sojourning in the Holy Land. We did not know that the Holy Land spider was so poisonous as the American spider.

Creddock says this is the cholera year and urges his readers to clean up their backyards. Craddock has been here a long time and doubtless knows what he is talking about. Front yards should also be looked after.

When you are dressed up, drunk and have money, call it the "Dixie" and you will find that you are dressed up in the old fashioned "Dixie." Same in regard to deport and "deeps," "Bourbon News."

"Bill Nye says there is no truth in the statement that you are going to travel next season with your soap?"—Exchange. Don't be worried, Bill, for you ought to know that many people have an aversion to getting Nye's truth.

"Did you ever plow soap?" enquired friend of the Phoenix, agent of the C. & O.—"Many a day have I plowed corn," was the reply. "What is it?"—"It is the toll tongue," then was asked. "Why, the big tongue?"—"A wagon, of course," said Barney.

Col. Swope writes back from Hot Springs that a few bath houses have about the size of the Palestine spider he received while sojourning in the Holy Land. We did not know that the Holy Land spider was so poisonous as the American spider.

Creddock says this is the cholera year and urges his readers to clean up their backyards. Craddock has been here a long time and doubtless knows what he is talking about. Front yards should also be looked after.

When you are dressed up, drunk and have money, call it the "Dixie" and you will find that you are dressed up in the old fashioned "Dixie." Same in regard to deport and "deeps," "Bourbon News."

"Bill Nye says there is no truth in the statement that you are going to travel next season with your soap?"—Exchange. Don't be worried, Bill, for you ought to know that many people have an aversion to getting Nye's truth.

"Did you ever plow soap?" enquired friend of the Phoenix, agent of the C. & O.—"Many a day have I plowed corn," was the reply. "What is it?"—"It is the toll tongue," then was asked. "Why, the big tongue?"—"A wagon, of course," said Barney.

Col. Swope writes back from Hot Springs that a few bath houses have about the size of the Palestine spider he received while sojourning in the Holy Land. We did not know that the Holy Land spider was so poisonous as the American spider.

Creddock says this is the cholera year and urges his readers to clean up their backyards. Craddock has been here a long time and doubtless knows what he is talking about. Front yards should also be looked after.

When you are dressed up, drunk and have money, call it the "Dixie" and you will find that you are dressed up in the old fashioned "Dixie." Same in regard to deport and "deeps," "Bourbon News."

"Bill Nye says there is no truth in the statement that you are going to travel next season with your soap?"—Exchange. Don't be worried, Bill, for you ought to know that many people have an aversion to getting Nye's truth.

"Did you ever plow soap?" enquired friend of the Phoenix, agent of the C. & O.—"Many a day have I plowed corn," was the reply. "What is it?"—"It is the toll tongue," then was asked. "Why, the big tongue?"—"A wagon, of course," said Barney.

Col. Swope writes back from Hot Springs that a few bath houses have about the size of the Palestine spider he received while sojourning in the Holy Land. We did not know that the Holy Land spider was so poisonous as the American spider.

Creddock says this is the cholera year and urges his readers to clean up their backyards. Craddock has been here a long time and doubtless knows what he is talking about. Front yards should also be looked after.

When you are dressed up, drunk and have money, call it the "Dixie" and you will find that you are dressed up in the old fashioned "Dixie." Same in regard to deport and "deeps," "Bourbon News."

"Bill Nye says there is no truth in the statement that you are going to travel next season with your soap?"—Exchange. Don't be worried, Bill, for you ought to know that many people have an aversion to getting Nye's truth.

"Did you ever plow soap?" enquired friend of the Phoenix, agent of the C. & O.—"Many a day have I plowed corn," was the reply. "What is it?"—"It is the toll tongue," then was asked. "Why, the big tongue?"—"A wagon, of course," said Barney.

Col. Swope writes back from Hot Springs that a few bath houses have about the size of the Palestine spider he received while sojourning in the Holy Land. We did not know that the Holy Land spider was so poisonous as the American spider.

Creddock says this is the cholera year and urges his readers to clean up their backyards. Craddock has been here a long time and doubtless knows what he is talking about. Front yards should also be looked after.

When you are dressed up, drunk and have money, call it the "Dixie" and you will find that you are dressed up in the old fashioned "Dixie." Same in regard to deport and "deeps," "Bourbon News."

"Bill Nye says there is no truth in the statement that you are going to travel next season with your soap?"—Exchange. Don't be worried, Bill, for you ought to know that many people have an aversion to getting Nye's truth.

"Did you ever plow soap?" enquired friend of the Phoenix, agent of the C. & O.—"Many a day have I plowed corn," was the reply. "What is it?"—"It is the toll tongue," then was asked. "Why, the big tongue?"—"A wagon, of course," said Barney.

Col. Swope writes back from Hot Springs that a few bath houses have about the size of the Palestine spider he received while sojourning in the Holy Land. We did not know that the Holy Land spider was so poisonous as the American spider.

Creddock says this is the cholera year and urges his readers to clean up their backyards. Craddock has been here a long time and doubtless knows what he is talking about. Front yards should also be looked after.

When you are dressed up, drunk and have money, call it the "Dixie" and you will find that you are dressed up in the old fashioned "Dixie." Same in regard to deport and "deeps," "Bourbon News."

"Bill Nye says there is no truth in the statement that you are going to travel next season with your soap?"—Exchange. Don't be worried, Bill, for you ought to know that many people have an aversion to getting Nye's truth.

"Did you ever plow soap?" enquired friend of the Phoenix, agent of the C. & O.—"Many a day have I plowed corn," was the reply. "What is it?"—"It is the toll tongue," then was asked. "Why, the big tongue?"—"A wagon, of course," said Barney.

Col. Swope writes back from Hot Springs that a few bath houses have about the size of the Palestine spider he received while sojourning in the Holy Land. We did not know that the Holy Land spider was so poisonous as the American spider.

Creddock says this is the cholera year and urges his readers to clean up their backyards. Craddock has been here a long time and doubtless knows what he is talking about. Front yards should also be looked after.

When you are dressed up, drunk and have money, call it the "Dixie" and you will find that you are dressed up in the old fashioned "Dixie." Same in regard to deport and "deeps," "Bourbon News."

"Bill Nye says there is no truth in the statement that you are going to travel next season with your soap?"—Exchange. Don't be worried, Bill, for you ought to know that many people have an aversion to getting Nye's truth.

"Did you ever plow soap?" enquired friend of the Phoenix, agent of the C. & O.—"Many a day have I plowed corn," was the reply. "What is it?"—"It is the toll tongue," then was asked. "Why, the big tongue?"—"A wagon, of course," said Barney.

Col. Swope writes back from Hot Springs that a few bath houses have about the size of the Palestine spider he received while sojourning in the Holy Land. We did not know that the Holy Land spider was so poisonous as the American spider.

Creddock says this is the cholera year and urges his readers to clean up their backyards. Craddock has been here a long time and doubtless knows what he is talking about. Front yards should also be looked after.

When you are dressed up, drunk and have money, call it the "Dixie" and you will find that you are dressed up in the old fashioned "Dixie." Same in regard to deport and "deeps," "Bourbon News."

"Bill Nye says there is no truth in the statement that you are going to travel next season with your soap?"—Exchange. Don't be worried, Bill, for you ought to know that many people have an aversion to getting Nye's truth.

"Did you ever plow soap?" enquired friend of the Phoenix, agent of the C. & O.—"Many a day have I plowed corn," was the reply. "What is it?"—"It is the toll tongue," then was asked. "Why, the big tongue?"—"A wagon, of course," said Barney.

Col. Swope writes back from Hot Springs that a few bath houses have about the size of the Palestine spider he received while sojourning in the Holy Land. We did not know that the Holy Land spider was so poisonous as the American spider.

Creddock says this is the cholera year and urges his readers to clean up their backyards. Craddock has been here a long time and doubtless knows what he is talking about. Front yards should also be looked after.

When you are dressed up, drunk and have money, call it the "Dixie" and you will find that you are dressed up in the old fashioned "Dixie." Same in regard to deport and "deeps," "Bourbon News."

"Bill Nye says there is no truth in the statement that you are going to travel next season with your soap?"—Exchange. Don't be worried, Bill, for you ought to know that many people have an aversion to getting Nye's truth.

"Did you ever plow soap?" enquired friend of the Phoenix, agent of the C. & O.—"Many a day have I plowed corn," was the reply. "What is it?"—"It is the toll tongue," then was asked. "Why, the big tongue?"—"A wagon, of course," said Barney.

Col. Swope writes back from Hot Springs that a few bath houses have about the size of the Palestine spider he received while sojourning in the Holy Land. We did not know that the Holy Land spider was so poisonous as the American spider.

Creddock says this is the cholera year and urges his readers to clean up their backyards. Craddock has been here a long time and doubtless knows what he is talking about. Front yards should also be looked after.

When you are dressed up, drunk and have money, call it the "Dixie" and you will find that you are dressed up in the old fashioned "Dixie." Same in regard to deport and "deeps," "Bourbon News."

"Bill Nye says there is no truth in the statement that you are going to travel next season with your soap?"—Exchange. Don't be worried, Bill, for you ought to know that many people have an aversion to getting Nye's truth.

"Did you ever plow soap?" enquired friend of the Phoenix, agent of the C. & O.—"Many a day have I plowed corn," was the reply. "What is it?"—"It is the toll tongue," then was asked. "Why, the big tongue?"—"A wagon, of course," said Barney.

Col. Swope writes back from Hot Springs that a few bath houses have about the size of the Palestine spider he received while sojourning in the Holy Land. We did not know that the Holy Land spider was so poisonous as the American spider.

Creddock says this is the cholera year and urges his readers to clean up their backyards. Craddock has been here a long time and doubtless knows what he is talking about. Front yards should also be looked after.

When you are dressed up, drunk and have money, call it the "Dixie" and you will find that you are dressed up in the old fashioned "Dixie." Same in regard to deport and "deeps," "Bourbon News."

"Bill Nye says there is no truth in the statement that you are going to travel next season with your soap?"—Exchange. Don't be worried, Bill, for you ought to know that many people have an aversion to getting Nye's truth.

"Did you ever plow soap?" enquired friend of the Phoenix, agent of the C. & O.—"Many a day have I plowed corn," was the reply. "What is it?"—"It is the toll tongue," then was asked. "Why, the big tongue?"—"A wagon, of course," said Barney.

Col. Swope writes back from Hot Springs that a few bath houses have about the size of the Palestine spider he received while sojourning in the Holy Land. We did not know that the Holy Land spider was so poisonous as the American spider.

Creddock says this is the cholera year and urges his readers to clean up their backyards. Craddock has been here a long time and doubtless knows what he is talking about. Front yards should also be looked after.

When you are dressed up, drunk and have money, call it the "Dixie" and you will find that you are dressed up in the old fashioned "Dixie." Same in regard to deport and "deeps," "Bourbon News."

"Bill Nye says there is no truth in the statement that you are going to travel next season with your soap?"—Exchange. Don't be worried, Bill, for you ought to know that many people have an

